

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1902.

## CAMPAIGNING WITH 'GEN' EINSTEIN

THE  
DEATH-  
CHAMBER.

A Day in the Dog-Catcher's Wagon, With the Well Known Poundmaster and His Trained Corps of Assistants—Scenes in the Streets When Canine Hunters Make a Raid—Capture and Destruction of Stray Animals an Important Factor in Conserving the Health of a Large City.

"Nine thousand dogs are in good citizenship in the District of Columbia."

Thus spoke "General" Samuel Einstein, master of the pound, when questioned by a representative of The Sunday Times as to the number of licensed canines in Washington.

"And that," continued this famous official of the Board of Health, after he had allowed sufficient time for his auditor to be properly impressed by his first remark, "doesn't half tell the story. Only 10 per cent of the dogs living within the District of Columbia are without tags, and, therefore, beyond the protection and privilege of the law. It has taken me twenty-nine years to bring about this state of perfection, but I can say, truthfully, that the city today is as free from stray animals as is possible for any large city to be."

## A Trip on the Wagon.

The writer having expressed a desire to make a trip with the dog catchers on a hunt for canine outlaws Mr. Einstein very graciously extended an invitation, stipulating, however, that it should be a day when the schools were in session, for, to use his own words, "It is almost impossible to catch dogs when the boys are on the streets. The kids, you know, are always with the dog and help him to get away from us."

## "General" Einstein's Men.

An appointment for a dog hunt was accordingly made, and on the morning decided upon The Sunday Times representative met the hunters at the Sixth precinct station. The entire force and equipment consisted of a cage wagon, manned by the three most famous negro dog catchers in the United States—by name and in order of rank, John Wells, twenty-five years a dog catcher; Joe Burrell, with sixteen years to his credit, and "Buck" Parker, who has followed the dogs for half a generation.

## "Lynx-Eyed" Burrell.

The latter drives the wagon, with "Lynx-eyed" Burrell beside him, ever on the lookout for four-footed lawbreakers. John Wells has a perch on the rear of the wagon, where he may quickly and conveniently reach the big dognet when a victim appears.

Bringing up the rear in a buggy is "General" Einstein himself, with a blue-coated orderly, detailed from the Metropolitan Police. Squeezed in between the two is the only non-combatant in the attacking party, the representative of The Sunday Times.

## Circuit of the Town.

Twenty blocks were traversed before an unlicensed dog was seen, and a circuit of the town, from Rock Creek to Anacostia, covering a distance of over twenty miles, was rewarded by the capture of only fourteen vagrants.

It was, however, a chase abounding in exciting adventure. At the corner of First and B Streets northeast the first unlicensed animal was seen by "Lynx-eyed" Burrell. He immediately passed the tip to John Wells, who reached for the net.

Burrell grabbed another, and together these doughty hunters sneaked up on a ridiculously small black-and-tan that was passing the time of day with a tagged terrier.

So absorbed was the black-and-tan in the exchange of courtesies that he did not notice the approach of the men with the nets.

## The Attack.

"Watch him close, 'Buck,'" exclaimed "General" Einstein, in a stentorian stage whisper, that drowned the clang of a passing electric car.

"I got my eye on him," replied "Buck." The men were at least fifty yards from the dog, when the latter chanced to observe them. Without an instant's hesitation the black-and-tan turned tail and scooted across the street as if all the powers of darkness were at his heels.

"It's no use," said "General" Einstein, in tones of disgust to the representative of The Sunday Times; "I've either got to disguise John Wells or fire him."

"Why?" asked The Times reporter. "Well," replied the general, "it's got so that every unlicensed dog in town knows him a block away. I guess I'll have to whitewash John," added the "General," meditatively, after a thoughtful pause.

"I'll get him yet," cried Wells, as he leaped upon the wagon and touched his spirited horse with the lash.

"Go after him, John," shouted "General" Einstein in an encouraging voice.

## The Pursuit.

We were off in hot pursuit of the black-and-tan, scurrying through the Capitol grounds as if he knew full well that his life depended on speed alone. Those wily little legs traveled faster than ever before. When we reached the brow of the hill a streak of black could just be seen disappearing around the corner of New Jersey Avenue.

The failure to bag the dog caused General Einstein to philosophize.

"The trouble is," said he, "we have been chasing the stray dogs so long that they recognize the dog catchers as far as they can see them. That black-and-tan that just got away from us has seen the net before, and he knows John Wells there so intimately that every time the cur sees him he will run just as you would run from the devil."

## First Catch of the Day.

It was not until we reached the southeastern portion of the city that the men made the first catch of the day. It was an easy take, and the mongrel was dumped into the wagon before he could utter a protest.

John and Joe were now on the alert, for the failure to net the black-and-tan and the resulting look of reproach from Mr. Einstein were still goading their pride. As we rattled through an alley, there came within the focus of the lynx-eye of Joe, the waterful one, a weather-worn specimen of a dog who had not the law's permission to exist, being without collar or tag.

## A Dog and a Child.

The animal was playing with a little child on the steps of a modest house, and already "Buck" Parker had reined in his horse; the net men were advancing on their prey, while the man from The



"IN THE TOILS"

THE POUND



Times felt his heart strings strained with pity for the infant and her doggy. The blue-coated officer looked on with the cold and inexorable eye of the law. But what of "General" Einstein? Did he permit the sacrifice to be made? To his credit be it said that he displayed a discretion that was admirable, and he showed, too, that he was a man of heart.

Already the men were within reach of the dog and the nets were about to fall. A look of childish terror appeared on the little tot's face, and her gurglings of happiness were hushed. It was then that the heart in Samuel Einstein asserted itself. It was then that human sympathy triumphed over grim duty.

## "General" Einstein's Great Heart.

"Hold!" he cried, rising to his full height in the buggy and waving his arm imperiously. "Don't throw the nets, men! I won't have it said that Samuel Einstein destroyed the happiness of an innocent child."

The men paused and stood abashed. Then, in spite of his gruff features, something glinted in "Buck" Parker's eye. It was a gleam for the brush of a realist.

"I'll get that dog some day next week, when the kid's asleep," whispered "General" Einstein in an aside to The Times man. All of which goes to show two admirable traits in Samuel Einstein's character—kindness of heart and inflexible devotion to duty.

## John Wells' Dexterity.

After this incident there was little of much importance that intruded itself upon the always interesting method of dog catching. Dogs were picked up here and there in going through the outlying sections of the north and southeast. The lynx-eye continued its full duty, and John Wells showed great dexterity with the net. The biggest catch of the day was a dog of apparently many breeds and of the size of a pony. The services of "Buck" Parker were required to carry the giant to the wagon, in which, surrounded by the tiny curs that had been captured, he looked like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. On infrequent occasions when the men failed to bag their prey they were good-naturedly jeered by the bystanders, but they never showed the slightest resentment, experience having taught them that it is usually easier to get into a row than out of it.

## Pound Facilities Inadequate.

One of the prerogatives of the Poundmaster is to pick up stray cattle and horses, but his facilities are so inadequate that these animals are usually left unmolested unless they are flagrantly transgressing the outskirts. As we journeyed through the outskirts of the city, "General" Einstein observed a horse grazing on a vacant lot. For a moment it seemed

as if he were about to turn and go after the beast, but it was only for a moment, and he pushed resolutely forward, glancing back now and then with regret in his eyes, and bemoaning the fact that he was unable to take up the lawbreaking horse.

## "Would Be an Awful Row."

"If I put that horse in the wagon with the dogs," he said, "there would be an awful row and probably everything would be smashed to pieces. Too bad, too bad," he muttered ruefully, with another farewell glance at the grazing horse.

Just then we turned into Seventh Street from T, and the men on the wagon saw a pug dog in front of a small shop. A woman, who was standing outside, had been playing with the pug. In a twinkling John Wells was reaching for the pet with his big net. The woman noticed the proceeding just as John was about to cast. She jumped for the dog when John threw the net, but the net landed first and the woman fell on it with the dog underneath. "Buck" Parker got his hands on the protesting pug, which was forthwith thrown in with the others. The woman carried on and wept as if she had lost her child, and even the comforters of the policeman served not to check her sorrow.

"That's pretty hard," said "General" Einstein in a voice of sympathy.

## Aristocratic Dogs.

As we journeyed through the fashionable residence section all sorts of aristocratic dogs were out taking an airing, and they sniffed disgustedly as the load of vagrants passed them. It was in this part of the town that "Lynx-eyed" Burrell displayed the full power of his wonderful orb. Every dog seemed to be wearing a tag, but not every dog on that account escaped. Joe Burrell was on the wagon, and when Joe Burrell espied a style of tag that went out of fashion with the end of last season the wearer was forthwith clapped into the wagon by dexterous John Wells or burly "Buck" Parker.

## Last Raid of the Day.

The last raid of the day was made in an alley of the so-called "Foggy Bottom" district. Our approach was heralded with shouts of "Here comes the dog catchers!" Immediately negroes rushed from hovels and huts, and proceeded to chase their dogs to cover. When the wagon reached the middle of the alley it was surrounded by a hundred negroes, who cursed the catchers or jeered them in mocking tones. In the meantime Joe and John were out with the nets, while "Buck" Parker was trying to drive into the trap an animal, one of whose ancestors might have been descended from a bulldog. "It was going to be a tussle to bag the mongrel, before he had evidently played the game before, and was an artful dodger."

"General" Einstein surveyed the field

from the eminence of the buggy, and, skilled strategist that he is, disposed his forces to the best advantage. His orderly, the policeman, was sent to check the advance of the negroes, and "Buck" Parker was commanded to drive the dog into the roadway, where John Wells awaited him with a net. A little lane leading from the alley was the only opening through which the bulldog might escape. This outlet was held by "Lynx-eyed" Burrell. Gradually the animal was being driven to the roadway, while "General" Einstein watched the development of his strategy with keen appreciation. John missed the dog in the roadway, and the desperate animal tore for the lane, only to leap into the outstretched net in the hands of Joe Burrell.

## A Pretty Catch.

"Good!" exclaimed "General" Einstein, immediately divesting himself of his military aspect. "That was a pretty catch as I ever saw and we'll go back to the pound now, boys," he continued carelessly, for he is fond and justly proud of his men.

That ended the hunt for that day but an opportunity had been afforded for verifying "General" Einstein's estimate of the number of unlicensed dogs in the District. He places it at 10 per cent of the total number and from the observations of the day it seems very reasonable. As "General" Einstein says it has taken him twenty-nine years to reduce his enemies to this admirable condition.

## Important to City's Health.

The impounding of stray animals is an important element in conserving the health and welfare of a large city, but the accommodations at the pound are meager. That not at all from the stray animal evil is due to the long continued faithfulness of Samuel Einstein and his assistants, Joe Burrell, John Wells, Shirley Williams and Cornelius Parker.

## Samuel Einstein's Good Record.

Mr. Einstein's record of faithful service dates from 1873. He is still a young man and eager to promote the welfare of Washington, but he says that he must have a better pound if the city is to continue free from stray animals. His largest annual capture was in the year 1899-1900, when, with three wagons he impounded 6,260 dogs. One wagon does the work now and Mr. Einstein is apprehensive lest the dog population will steal a march on him and increase before he is furnished with a larger pound and more weapons for successfully combating them.

At the pound the animals are well

treated. They are nicely housed and well fed with freshly cooked meat mixed with bran, and unless reclaimed or otherwise disposed of they are permitted the happiness of an easy death in the gas tank. What more could a tramp dog desire?

It happens not infrequently that a really valuable animal is picked up by Mr. Einstein's men and impounded. Dog fanciers are frequently visitors to the pound and often a prize pup is to be had for a very moderate fee. Society women are occasional callers on the genial master of the Pound, to whose judgment they defer in selecting a dog for adoption. The best found in the Chevy Chase pack was bought at the pound by Mr.

John R. McLean, who prizes his stud very highly. Money into the hundreds could not buy the animal now; but a year ago anyone might have had him, for he was only a homeless waif on the city streets.

## An Easy Death.

These dogs that are absolutely worthless are given a shift of charcoal gas and in fifteen seconds they cease to live. Having been asked if it did not sometimes cause him sorrow to act as official executioner of the dogs, Mr. Einstein made a characteristic reply.

"Socially," said he, "I am fond of dogs, but in my official capacity I am their sworn enemy—that is, if they don't abide by the law."

## MADAME WU TAKING THE AIR

ONE of the picturesque incidents of the morning in the fashionable northwestern part of the city is Madame Wu, the wife of the Chinese Minister, taking the air. Often she is rushed about in her automobile, but as frequently she employs a rolling chair propelled by a coolie servant from the legation.

When it pleases her to make use of man-power in her morning ride, the picture is for all the world like a painting on a bit of lacquer brie-a-brac.

At about 11 o'clock every morning when the sun shines and the air is mild Madame Wu appears in the doorway of the papaya-like residence of the Minister from China. She leans heavily on the arm of her Chinese maid because the feet of this doll-like aristocrat from the Orient are so small that to walk on them is a very difficult and fatiguing task. When it is the rolling-chair in which Madame Wu is to be carried about the maid tenderly lifts her mistress into it, whereupon the man behind the chair bestirs himself; and immediately the party is on its way.

It is an interesting picture to see them as they proceed out New Hampshire Avenue, that being the direction in which Madame usually prefers to go. The maid accompanies her mistress on these outings, but she goes aloof. Thanks to her lowly station, she enjoys the luxury of common sense feet, so that she is not compelled to combine with her pedestalianism a certain skill in balancing.

Madame Wu and her maid are like little children in their enjoyment of the trolly while the motive power is as machinelike as an automaton and his face is as expressionless as that of a dummy in a shop window. He walks briskly and the

efforts of the diminutive maid to hold the pace make rare sport for the lady in the chair.

The gait of the Little Oriental lassie has been admirably counterfeited by the chorus maidens in the current musical play, "San Toy." Her hair is black as ebony and as lustrous as ivory. She wears it swathed over her ears in the style of Cleo de Merode, but the fashion is as old as the Chinese Empire from which source the Parisians doubtless derived this mode of hairdressing. The maid wears no head-covering nor adornment in her hair, in which respect she differs from her mistress who, on these morning excursions, usually affects a coiffure of carnations.

Madame Wu's robes are always of the costliest China silk, and even on an informal morning jaunt she is as gorgeously arrayed as if she were on her way to the President's reception. With the maid, however, it is different. Though she looks as fresh and pretty as a flower of the morning, she is plainly clad in a black, baggy jacket which might be made of cambric, while her loose trousers of the same material are as devoid of shape as a workman's overalls.

As it has already been suggested, the distinction of class between mistress and maid is most noticeably apparent in the difference in the size of the feet. Madame's seeming almost like an infant's when compared with the very practical pedal extremities of her maid.

These morning outings usually take up an hour of Madame Wu's day. She loves to be moved swiftly in the roller-chair and the exertions of the coolie to accelerate its speed to a degree satisfactory to his mistress causes the fellow to be very well fagged by the time that a return is made to the legation.